

## CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
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A Thrilling Army Romance.  
BY CAPT. CHAS. KING, U. S. A.

We shall shortly begin, in this paper, the publication of this splendid story. To those of our readers who have read Capt. King's stories this will be good news; to those who have not, we would say, read this one by all means. There is not a dull or uninteresting line in this serial from beginning to end.

NOW IS THE TIME  
TO TAKE THE  
STANDARD!

## A HINDOO MARRIAGE.

QUEER BRAHMIN NUPTIALS AT A CEREMONY AT BOMBAY.

The Mother-in-Law is Important a Factor in Such Affairs as She is in This Country—How a Wedding is Solemnized—Lavish Use of Colored Powder.

As it was growing late we felt that we had waited long enough, and prepared to proceed brideward. This seemed to be the signal for a new departure, and a procession was again formed. At the bride's house few changes had been made, but a "choroe" or marriage hall had been formed by placing at each of the four corners of a square earthenware water vessels, one above the other, and held in position by supports of bamboo. In the center was the sacred fire. Hardly had we arrived when everybody took seats. The priests performed "fire sacrifices" before them, and fastened the boy's scarf to the marriage veil of the girl. The wear made a marriage garland, composed of twenty-four strings of red cotton, was hung around their necks, their hands were again joined beneath the dirty scarf, the women sang nuptial hymns in honor of the gods Krishna and Radha, and then commenced a series of performances in which the "bridegroom's mother-in-law" was the principal actor.

MOTHER-IN-LAW TAKES A HAND. First a great platter of food was brought, which the mother presented to her daughter, who first gave of it to her bridegroom, and he then helped her. Red powder was put upon the forehead of both again and again, not only by priest, "bridegroom's mother-in-law" and the little brother, but by numerous female friends. Again and again was the immense platter resembling a paint shop with its various powders brought forth. Hands and feet of bride and groom were rubbed with red powder, which is an emblem of prosperity, anointed with oil and washed with water. Hands were made to touch each other many times, and toes touch toes.

We could see that the bride's little brown feet were heavy with toe rings, whose pendants half covered the foot, and the plainer toe rings the mother was constantly removing from one foot to the other. Louder and louder grew the nuptial songs, and one high voiced woman, the leader of the singers on our side of the "choroe," seemed to be firing challenges at the officiating priest, and he to be replying to her in an expostulatory manner. Then the brass bands would begin, play a moment and stop, never by any accident in harmony. As the noise subsided for a time an immense brass platter was brought whereupon rice had been arranged somewhat in the form of the letter X, which is a mystic symbol used in religious ceremonies from a very remote period, and signifying success and happiness.

SONGS, GESTURES AND POWDER. Into the angles of the cross red powder was sprinkled by the priest, and surrounding friends began to throw copper coins upon it. They seemed to be tossing for the fortunes of the young couple, one of whom, who seemed so weary and disgusted and half blinded by the smoke, was repeatedly yawning and looking around as if to ask if relief would ever come, while he was nearly roasted by the fire, so near which he was obliged to sit. A pan was brought in at this part of the proceedings in which were two or three kinds of meal. Ghee, or clarified butter, being put upon the flour the officiating woman or the "bridegroom's mother-in-law" proceeded to stir it with her hand and to make a kind of dough, of which bridegroom, bride, mother-in-law and priest each took a little and dropped on the fire, which was now burning brightly. Finally bride and groom arose, and he, with one arm around her neck, embracing her as though she were a porcupine and he were afraid of the quills, they proceeded around the "choroe," guided by the priest, and pausing at each of the four columns of earthenware pots, where appropriate signs of worship were made. Singing, gesticulation and powdering followed, and as they sat again the sacred betel leaf was given to each and they placed it upon the fire. Four times they made the circumambulation, and we were told that if by any chance this was done only three times it was no real marriage.

On the fourth return bride and groom, now husband and wife, exchanged their seats, and then came congratulations. Almost all the female friends came forward and put silver rupees in the bride's hand, and stepping behind her embraced her from behind. We were told that this was the end.—Sarah D. Hamlin in San Francisco Bulletin.

## An Impatient Animal.

In a store in Otis street is a firm whose head resides in the suburbs, and who frequently drives to and from his residence, leaving his horse at the door

with a weight attached to the strap. The "Doctor," as he is called, frequently grows impatient, casts longing looks around, and sometimes whinnies for his master. The other day, having waited overlong, as he undoubtedly thought, Doctor reached down, picked up the strap, and with the weight dangling from his mouth set off in brisk and independent fashion for home, leaving his master to follow on foot or in horse car, as if, having waited long enough, how other people got home was no concern of his.—Boston Herald.

## A Wagon Seat.

A good adjustable wagon seat is thus made for a wagon from which the box has been removed in order to haul lumber, wood, etc.: Into a piece of plank 6 inches wide cut two holes, one in each end, and put the same between and over the front stakes of the wagon. At the center and at right angles to this piece fasten another plank 1 foot wide and 3 feet long. Now get the iron seat from the mower and bolt it through the plank and cross bar at its center and you have a comfortable seat.—New York Independent.

## JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER.

She Makes Herself Invaluable to a Poor Old Woman from the Country.

In a Fifth avenue stage an old and meanly dressed woman unconsciously made the ride merry for three showy and fashionably attired damsels. First, she fumbled in her ratty skirt a long time trying to find her pocket; then she thrust her hand through an unexpected slit in her gown instead of the supposed pocket, and the look of intense dismay on her face as she imagined some villain had cut off that pocket sent the young women into convulsions of silent laughter. Soon the poor creature recovered herself, renewed the search and found the pocket. Removing a handkerchief, a snuff box and a pair of cotton gloves, she at last produced the shabbiest pocket-book ever seen, causing a great number of nods and becks and wreathed smiles from the trio of observers.

Then she fumbled a long time with the fastenings of her treasury; these finally undone, she took out a brass thimble, a troche, a spool of twist, a section of a paper of pins and last the solitary nickle it contained. Then she peeped about for the proper place to deposit the nickle. None seemed to have been provided. The honest creature got on her feet, and the thimble, the troche, the twist and the snuff box tumbled to the floor, the pin sticking, like an old friend, to her skirt. Heedless, apparently, of this disaster she pattered about the wall behind her seat, pressing her trembling fingers against every nail and button and bit of fringe, but found no place for her fare. Then she dropped to her seat with a loud complaint.

"There ain't no contrubution box nor nothin' for the fare," she said. "Where I come from there's allers a box; 'n now my thimble 'n my snuff box 'n my troche is all gone to 'Joppy,' and she began to cry.

The merriment of the three damsels was now almost beyond control, though they affected well bred airs by covering their mouths with dainty handkerchiefs and looking out of the window. A slight young girl, simply attired, but with an air of elegance about her, had been sitting in a corner, a quiet but keen observer of the scene. She now rose, picked up the old woman's scattered property, and handing it to her shyly said:

"Allow me to hand your fare up, and tell me where you want to get off. I'll ask the driver to look after you."

After a deal more fumbling with the ancient pocketbook a slip of paper with an address was produced. The address and the promised request were given to the driver, who was charged to take particular care of the lady, as she was feeble. The grateful old woman was assured that she would be well looked after, and the young girl left the stage. As she reached the ground a gentleman raised his hat and said:

"Good morning, Miss Gould."  
She was Jay Gould's daughter Helen.  
—New York Letter.

## A Menu Card to Eat.

A confectioner has placed on the market a menu card made of sweetened dough rolled out very thin. The bill of fare is printed on this in ink made from colored sugar. Having ordered the dishes you want, you amuse yourself while waiting for them by eating the bill of fare, which acts as an appetizer. —Philadelphia Record.

## Hyoscyamus Seeds for Toothache.

A Russian practitioner recommends the use of hyoscyamus seeds for toothache. His plan is to burn the seeds and to convey the smoke through a little paper tube to the hole in the tooth. He declares that in nearly all cases one application, or at most two, will suffice to cure the toothache.—London Lancet.

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## NEW FALL CLOTHING!

Men's Hats, Shirts, Underwear, and Hosiery. Visit our Clothing Department for anything you may want. We guarantee prices 20 per cent lower than other's.

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Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,	2.75
Superior, per hundred,	1.50
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,	1.50
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,	1.10
Feed, corn and oats, per ton,	22.00
Bran, per ton,	16.00

No short weights.



# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

A BOOKBINDER in Vienna was called upon to bind a volume of 100 leaves worth 100,000 gulden. Each leaf was a bond for 1,000 gulden, the book being the owner's gift to his only daughter.

BANKER HENRY CLEWS, of New York, has a summer cottage at Newport which he calls "The Rocks." When one knows that Mr. Clews has spent a fortune upon it one realizes the artistic appropriateness of the name.

CHICAGO is to have the finest Masonic Temple in the world. It will be eight-stories high. The danger of riding the goat will be greater than ever, but the new building will be all right for the high degrees. It will knock out the eavesdroppers.

A PENNSYLVANIA clergyman, who has been cured of dyspepsia, attributes it to his regime of eating but once a day, and that at night. Tramps will find this an easy way to get rid of the results of too luxurious living, and if they omit the night meal also it will be still better.

It is a Chicago idea to pension school teachers after they have been in service twenty-five years. Lady teachers, however, do not like the idea, for they would have to admit to their ages in order to get the pension. Some of them possibly would fight it rather than divulge the one stern secret of their lives.

TURKEY, which is a blot on the face of the earth, continues to be a nuisance. Misrule and anarchy are rampant throughout the Ottoman Empire. If England and other powers would keep their hands off for a while, and let Russia lick Turkey off the face of the earth, and then if the great powers would give Russia a thorough drubbing the world would be better off.

SOMETHING remarkable happened to a cow at Sidney, Ohio. There were two large trees close together on the edge of a clover field. A fence touched either tree, but the gap had no fence. The cow squeezed into the gap, and, without passing through, began to browse. She soon began to swell with gas generated by the green clover, and to get her out one of the trees had to be cut.

AMONG the many and varied names that are borne by members of the English royal family it is noticeable that neither John nor Jane, both of them so frequent in all classes of society, ever occur. The explanation seems to be that, in association with royalty, both names have been attended with persistent ill-luck, all of their possessors being dogged by misfortune, and many of them dying a violent death.

MRS. HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE, according to a current magazine (Lippincott's) article, found the originals of her Topsy and Black Sam among the freed house servants of two Southern families living in Cincinnati. The writer, who was a member of one of the families, declares that she has often seen Mrs. Stowe sitting a whole summer afternoon out watching the young blacks playing with the children of their employers.

A LANCASTER (Pa.) dispatch says that Mrs. Hennis, in jail for compassing the murder of her husband, witnessed from her cell window the execution of the two men whom she hired to commit the deed and was unmoved by the spectacle. This dispatch was evidently intended as a commentary upon the hard stolidity of the murderess, but it is a much more speaking commentary on the obtuseness of the prison authorities who permitted the woman to look upon the hanging.

A NOTABLE attempt has recently been made to add to the resources of the English language. Lord Bury, as Chairman of the Electric Traction Company, wrote to the London Times to ask for a short word—if possible of one syllable—to express the idea of being conveyed by electric power. As might have been expected, letter after letter poured in, full of strange and wonderful suggestions. The following are only a few of the cacophonous verbs which scientific and unscientific writers alike submitted for consideration: To "ohm," to "volt," to "mote," to "electrify," to "to," to "coulomb," to "squirm," to "shock," to "scint," to "franklin," to "elk," to "trictac," to "faradate," to "weber." There is clearly no lack of choice, says the Times; perhaps America will help us, as it did with the verb to "wire."

ACCORDING to Secretary Kremer, of the Johnston flood commission, the number of men who were killed, of whom

498 were found and identified, 252 found and not identified; the females lost number 1,219, of whom 617 were found and identified and 340 found but not identified. The sex of 44 persons who were found could not be ascertained. Johnston's quota of dead was 1,100; Cambria City, 360; Woodville, 270; Conemaugh borough, 167; Millville, 115; South Fork, 5; Mineral Point, 16; Franklin borough, 17; East Conemaugh, 13; hotel guests and railroad passengers, 63. Forty-nine of the dead were under one year old; 136 from 1 to 5, and 11 from 5 to 10; 343 from 10 to 20; 313 from 20 to 30; 209 from 30 to 40; 173 from 40 to 50; 135 from 50 to 60; 102 from 60 to 70; 36 from 70 to 80; 6 from 80 to 90. The ages of 425 could not be ascertained.

THE city of Baku, on the western coast of the Caspian Sea, is called by the natives the "town of fire." It is the greatest center of petroleum in the world. The site upon which it is built, as indeed the whole Caspian Sea, rests upon naphtha. At the present day the oil springs of Baku yield two million kilogrammes a year, and the product disputes the markets of Europe with that of Kentucky or Pennsylvania. That portion of Russia is compared to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundantly that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks. The air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all around Baku.

A PROMINENT dealer in leather, from London, says that never before was there such a craze for queer leather as at the present time. All kinds of skins, from the tough, thick hide of an elephant to the thinner, tenderer frogs, are pressed into service to meet the demands of the fashionable. Some of the shops are stocked with a supply of fancy articles that are made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes. These singular objects are exhibited in the windows, where their appearance proves a great attraction to the crowds. Made up into various articles are yellow pelican skins, lion and panther skins, buffalo skins, fish skins, monkey skins, and the covering of almost every living thing known. They are tanned and sometimes dyed with different colors. I think it looks hideous to see a pretty girl walking along the streets swinging a bag made of the scaly skin of a boa-constrictor. But it is fashion, you know, and reminds one of the old story of beauty and the beast.

THE venerable Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, the abolitionist, tells this story of his origin: "My grandmother was a full-blooded Moor of magnificent features and great beauty. She had crisp hair and a stately manner. She was captured by an Arab girl one day and led to the sea, where a slave ship awaited her, and she was brought to Charleston. A refined woman named Day was captivated with her comeliness and bought her, educated her and treated her as a companion. A German named Baron Judah, a flour merchant, said he loved her and they were married in a Methodist Church. Two children, a son and a daughter, were born. The latter was my mother. She, too, was remarkably beautiful, and my father, William Purvis, one of seven sons, three of whom had emigrated from England to Charleston, became enamored of her and they were married. The issue of this was three sons, William, Robert, and Joseph. Those of the Purvises who remained in England became noted, and one of the son's sons, my cousin, is an admiral in the English navy and recently commanded the squadron off Newfoundland."

**Sure Preventive.**  
The Spanish wit and philosopher, Quevedo, who in his time gained a reputation for knowing almost everything, was asked if he knew of a means whereby a person could avoid growing old.  
"Most certainly," said Quevedo, "I know of certain rules which will surely prevent your growing old."  
"What are they?"  
"Keep always in the sun in summer, and always in the wet in winter. That is one rule. Never give yourself rest; that is another. Feet at everything that happens; that is still another. And then if you take care always to eat your meat cold, and to drink plenty of cold water when you are hot, you may be perfectly sure that you will never grow old."

Good character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual; and whatever innocent means are necessary to gain this should be used. The best should have the preference if they can be made effective; but it is useless to press unobtainable motives to which there is no response in the heart.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

### TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Valuable Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Everybody Connected with the Farm.

#### THE FARM.

**Value of White Clover.**  
Much more pasture can be got from a field well seeded with white clover among other herbage than its appearance indicates. It is a creeping plant, and does not show for all it is. Besides, it springs up quickly when eaten off, thus making new supplies of fresh, rich herbage at times when grass roots are drying up. A white clover pasture is one of the very best for butter making, and from its blossoms the bees make the choicest honey. Where white clover is once seeded, it is very persistent, as seed forms on uneven heads all the summer, and spilled upon the ground is brought up with every new plowing, so that farmers used to think it grew without any seed from which to start.

**Rapid Decay of Posts.**  
A farmer who has long cultivated a sandy farm remarks as one of the expensive incidents of this land the increased cost of fencing it. Posts set in sand rot out much more quickly than in heavier soil, mainly because, as with every rain the water settles down, the air follows, and it is exposed to constant changes. Sandy soil is through the summer generally warmer than other land, and this promotes speedy decay of anything in it. The farmers had once set posts that did not last more than eight years before they were rotted off, the decay occurring just at the surface of the ground. Posts of the same kind set on heavier soil, wet most of the season, were good after fifteen years of service.

**Weed Seeds in the Soil.**  
The persistence of weeds in keeping possession where they once get a foothold is largely due to the fact that their seeds have great vitality, and reappear whenever a new surface is turned up. Many are also brought to the land with manure or by winds and birds. The late Peter Henderson once said that if any one could get rid of all weeds the market gardener should be able to do so with his thorough culture and repeated handlings of the soil. Yet after years of this treatment more or less would reappear every year. Enough if allowed to seed to speedily occupy the entire ground. On the farm one of the best weed destroyers is a heavy mat of clover, sown eight quarts per acre and itself free from weed seeds.

**Farm Hints.**  
The shortest road to long prices is to have the best articles to sell. Poison next season's crop of potato beetles now if you wish to raise a good crop of potatoes then. A small paint brush is handy for greasing harness. There is meat in grass for pigs, as well as sheep and cattle. "Clean culture" means keeping the ground clean, not making it clean. A light hoeful of earth on the melon vines near the end will keep the wind from beating them about. A farmer is foolish to take six months to grow a lamb for market when it can be done in four, with a little extra food. You want early asparagus next spring? Then cease cutting early and let the tops grow the rest of the season. A spirited horse will in the end be made slow and spiritless by constant nagging, twitching the lines, peevish urging and other wearing processes that fretful drivers practice. If you actually did sow rye, wheat or oats in your orchard, go now with a scythe and cut it away around the trees, and let the fallen grain lie as a mulch. This may save the trees from being smothered. It is a dummy who cannot keep his power from rattling to pieces. Watch your machine closely and use oil freely.—*Farm Journal.*

**A Few Sheep Wrinkles.**  
Old, broken-mouthed ewes are dear at any price. If they cannot be sold to the butcher feed them to the crows in the fall—they will get them anyhow before the voice of the rattle is heard in the land.  
All sheep are subject to both internal and external parasites. Feed them occasionally a little hardwood ashes or finely pulverized tobacco, which will free them from worms and improve their general health.  
Dip them thoroughly in some approved sheep dip, and there is nothing better than a preparation of tobacco.  
Do not overstock; better keep too few, rather than too many. If a flock of 100 sheep could be made as profitable as a flock of ten, shepherds would be clothed in purple and fine linen.  
Mix a little sulphur with their salt; it enriches the blood, and disagrees with ticks and other parasites.  
Mark those ewes that have disappeared; you don't want to be fooled twice by the same sheep.  
Keep a well-trained Scotch terrier in the sheep barn; he will clean up the rats and give notice of the approach of prowling curs or thieving tramps. The sheep will soon become familiar with his presence, and he may run between their legs or over their backs without exciting them in the slightest.  
Give mixed feed, and always remember that oats should constitute a part of the food of the "golden hoof." If you are feeding a mixture of equal parts of corn and oat ground oats, and wheat bran, and forget to exchange it for something else every thirty days, as the books direct, don't be alarmed; the sheep won't be insulted.  
If you are giving it to them as a warm slop, one pint of grain cash, three times a day, stirred into enough warm water to make it into a thin mush, the lambs will dance and the ewes cry out for joy every time they hear the rattle of your pails.  
Fowls of any kind are a nuisance about the sheep barn, and should be carefully excluded.  
Examine carefully every ewe's udder before deciding to retain her as a mem-

ber of your breeding flock. If you find one side spoiled, reject her.  
After weaning lambs, milk the ewes twice a week and keep them on the shortest pasture until dry.  
Any breed of sheep is good if they have a shepherd; all breeds are poor if they are neglected.—*American Wool-Grower.*

#### THE STOCK RANCH.

**Pure Breeds for Pigs.**  
The best way in pig breeding is to stick to one breed. It takes nearly a lifetime to find out how to get the best results from one breed, and if the time is wasted in crossing the breeds and experimenting with new ones, the chances are that time and labor will be dissipated unprofitably. It does not follow that pure-bred stock require better feeding or more expensive attention than the cross breeds and poor stock; but they do require certain kinds of food at certain times. The farmers who believe in keeping none but the pure-bred stock, the old reliable breeds which they have dealt with for years, soon learn to know what treatment is the best for the animals. They learn by experience how to handle them, and it is only when new breeds are introduced that they are uncertain or puzzled.

In swine breeding the first cross between two distinct breeds is generally good, but in the next cross the identity of the blood or breeds is lost, and they degenerate rapidly, losing the characteristics of the original stock. In crossing it should, therefore, be understood that the excellency consists only in the first cross, and where continual cross is practiced, degeneration must inevitably follow. In England probably the best swine are to be found, and this is due to the fact that they have improved upon two or three excellent breeds until they are nearly perfect. They know almost to a certainty what they can expect much better than any one who practices cross-breeding to any extent. The great thing for farmers to do is to breed swine of some particular breed, perfecting it each year, until experiment has taught them how to make the most of the animals. They will in the course of time evolve a breed that will establish a name for some particular characteristics, and this will be reward sufficient.—*American Cultivator.*

**Breeding from Mature Animals.**  
One law of breeding not often thought of is that to breed from very young animals tends to impair vigor, not only in themselves but in their progeny as well. Yet in some kinds of animals vigor of constitution must be subordinated, else the wild Texan steer would be deemed superior to the Holstein, Jersey or Guernsey, where milk and butter are more important than size, beauty or vigor. It is quite probable that the smaller size of Channel Island cattle comes from breeding very early, thus turning the digestive organs early towards making milk and butter, rather than to building up a large frame or laying much fat on it. The argument is often made that sows should not be set to breeding early, because their pigs are fewer and less vigorous when the sow is young than when she has attained full growth. Yet the early stimulation of milk glands is likely to make the early bred sow a better milker than one bred only after she has attained full growth. She is likely to be a more careful mother. Perhaps in such cases the best rule is to combine both methods. Breed the sow young and fatten all her pigs early. When she attains full growth and her pigs are most vigorous, save the pigs for breeders, thus saving in the offspring both the qualities that are of greatest value in pigs for breeding.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

**Keeping Eggs for Winter.**  
In preserving eggs for winter use it must be understood that the whole secret is to keep the porous shell from admitting the air and moisture. If this can be done the eggs will keep for quite a length of time. There are two good methods of doing this, which may be of value to those beginning the work.  
The first method is to smear the surface of the shells with oil or varnish of some kind, and then to pack them in bran, charcoal, or some similar substance. The shells of course will be discolored by this process, and they will not consequently meet with ready sale in the market. Gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, will not discolor the shells so much as the above, and apparently answers the same purpose. Beeswax and olive oil, mixed in the proportion of one to two, will also make a good coating for the shells, and will close up the pores sufficiently to keep them, for some time.  
But the best method is to lime the eggs. A pickle is first made as follows: One bushel of fine quality stone lime, eight quarts of salt, and about sixty gallons of water. Slake the lime well, and then add the water and salt, stirring frequently until all is settled and cold. Draw off the clear brine into a water-tight cask, and then put the eggs in as soon as taken from the nest. When a layer of eggs about a foot deep are put in, a little of the milky brine, made by stirring up some of the very light lime particles, should be allowed to settle over them. Then put in another similar layer, and then repeat the operation. Fill the barrel with eggs to within four or five inches of the top, and then cover the top with a factory cloth. On top of this cloth spread a layer of lime that settled in making the pickle. The pickle must be kept above this lime to keep it cool and moist. If the eggs are to be sent to market they should be taken out of the brine carefully, and after being thoroughly wiped back away nearly. They must not be allowed to get warm in the summer time, nor too cold in the winter. An equal degree of moderate warmth is best.—*Practical Farmer.*

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

**To Make a Home Out of a Household.**  
The art in entertaining lies largely in not entertaining too much. The tact to leave a guest free to follow his own devices, and yet to feel that he is surrounded by delicate thoughtfulness for his welfare, is a very desirable gift, but is one, too, that can be to a great extent cultivated. If a guest finds an earthly

paradise in the library, and loves to sit and read or write, and browse among books quite at his own sweet will, it is not the part of tact to drag him out to play lawn tennis or croquet. If he is a pedestrian by nature or grace, it is the reverse of entertainment to invite him on long walks, however interesting the scenery or pleasant the object. On the other hand, the guest, too, may well cultivate a reasonable independence, and, if he has his little private fads and dislikes, carry them out harmlessly, without impressing his entertainers into service. He may like to go to a certain church, or go to an early service, or make a call, or attend a lecture, or do dozen other things in which the hostess feels no real interest; and if she accompanies her guest it is merely for courtesy, and very likely at the cost of some inconvenience. There is no reason why the visitor should not pursue his own way in these personal tastes, so far as can be done without absenting himself conspicuously from the household circle, and both hostess and guest will enjoy each other's company all the better by treating themselves to intervals and interludes of solitude or separation. A guest definitely invited for a definite period has every reason to feel his welcome assured; to feel that his presence is a joy to his hostess; else, indeed, why should she have solicited him? This *entente cordiale* taken for granted, the minor details will easily adjust themselves, and will fall out all the better for mutual freedom. The guest will be put at his entire ease to see that his presence is not interfering at all with the natural life and daily demands of his hostess; to feel that she pays him the compliment of believing him a rational being, full of his own resources, and not in the least dependent on her constant personal presence. The most delightful thing in the world is to establish one's friends in one's home, and see that the guest is supplied with every comfort, and surrounded with all due attention, and then enjoy the mutual freedom of easy intercourse, together when mutually convenient, or apart when most convenient, each meanwhile, feeling the charming sense of the near presence and close sympathy.—*American Cultivator.*

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

HARD woods should simply be wiped off with a soft cloth or sponge, wrung from clear, warm water and dried at once.  
Wash ink stains from carpets with milk, and afterwards with hot water, when fresh. Old ink stains must first be wetted, then rubbed with salt of soda, and washed quickly.  
BRIGHTEN your silver by boiling it in soapy water for a few hours, covered with whitening moistened with some spirits dry in the oven, and rub off and polish with chamois.  
The best way to wipe the walls of a room is to cover a broom with a piece of cheese cloth, and beginning at the ceiling draw the broom down in lines, changing the cloth as it becomes soiled.  
HOW MANY women know how to pare a perfectly fresh egg so that an infected stomach can eat it? Pour boiling water over the egg in its shell, let it stand on the table in the water for five minutes. The egg will be nearly as smooth as custard, and almost as easily digested as a raw one, while its flavor is something delicious.  
To BRIGHTEN gilt picture frames take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about a pint and a half of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions, or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright anew.  
IN washing very fine muslins, they should be soaked in tepid water in which borax has been dissolved, one tablespoonful of borax to a gallon of water being sufficient. After half an hour they can be rubbed gently in soapsuds made of fine white lard soap, and boiling water then poured over them and left to cool. They should be well rinsed and squeezed rather than wrung out.  
To PRESERVE the crispness and flavor of green vegetables for salads, throw them in ice water for an hour, then dry carefully on a soft towel, being careful not to bruise them, and then put in a cool place until wanted. Never mix any salad with the dressing until you are ready to serve it. Use the coldest of dishes to serve it on, and if garnished properly, it is one of the most attractive and wholesome dishes on the table.

#### THE KITCHEN.

**Tested Recipes.**  
**OATMEAL GEMS.**—Two cups of the finest oatmeal, two cups milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful sugar, one salt-spoonful salt.  
**DELICATE BISCUIT.**—One quart of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a cupful of best butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, and flour to make a soft dough. Roll out half an inch thick, and cut out tiny biscuits with a small baking powder can. Bake in a very hot oven.  
**FOAMY SAUCE.**—Beat the yolks of two eggs and one cupful of powdered sugar well together and set the bowl into boiling water and stir until quite hot, then add the whites beaten stiff, add a small piece of butter and a tablespoonful of brandy or extract after taking from the stove and serve immediately.  
**RASPBERRY SHORT-CAKE.**—Rub three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard into a quart of flour sifted with three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, until it is fine, then add milk until it is as soft as fine, can be rolled out. Roll it about half an inch thick, and bake. Invert the bottom of the cake for the layer of berries. Pile them on about an inch thick with bits of butter, dredge with sugar, and put on them another crust, made and baked like the first. When cut for serving pour over each piece sweet cream or whipped cream; or, in place of it, use a sauce made by creaming together three times as much sugar as butter, then adding an egg, white and yolk beaten stiff, and then stirring in slowly half a cupful of rich milk.



TRAINS LEAVE:  
 7:07, 10:31 A. M. 4:02 P. M.  
 11:43 A. M. 6:19, 7:48 P. M.

men are the busiest people just  
 Hall has built a neat barn on  
 emises on Garfield street.

Frank Baldwin has been grant-  
 first grade certificate.

for rent in the Knapp &  
 block. Inquire of W. J.

fall styles in millinery, call on  
 Staffan. Prices right; stock

Palmer is this week having a  
 walk constructed in front of

member the ice cream social at  
 Babcock's store on Saturday even-

John F. Sayles is now drawing  
 views, at Stockbridge.

fourteen of Chelsea's bicycle riders  
 a trip to Dexter last Sunday af-

Jens lost nine fat sheep last  
 by theft. If the thief is caught

will get the full benefit of the law.  
 complaints are being made because

cycle riding on the sidewalks after  
 and that without giving notice

hadies of the W. C. T. U. will  
 at the basement of the Congrega-

at 8 o'clock p. m.

day's Argus had three lines in-  
 to the Republican nominations.

STANDARD was the only paper in  
 county which gave a complete list.

school opened Monday with a full  
 dance, every room except the high

ool, being crowded. There are two  
 foreign pupils in the high school

in last year.

The Standard Grocery House has so  
 enjoyed a nice trade on tablets,

ing pads, lead and slate pencils,  
 When you want anything in that

all on us.

The democratic congressional con-  
 vention will be held at Adrian, Wed-

day, Sept. 17, where a candidate is  
 named who will be slaughtered

apt. E. P. Allen.

the first of a series of Parliamentary  
 is under the able conduct of Mrs.

after Dancer, will be taken up, and  
 wishing to profit by it are invited

at that place.

The Detroit Journal, which com-  
 menced its eighth year last Monday,

has absorbed two of Michigan's news-  
 paper men, Fred Slocum, of Caro, taking

C. D. Allen has shown commenda-  
 ble enterprise by putting down a ce-

The Epworth League will hold an  
 ice cream social in the Babcock Block

on Saturday evening, September 6.  
 Fred Rodeff has bought the Bacon

house on Garfield street, and will move  
 there about October 1. He got it cheap.

When a hen roost is depleted near  
 Grass Lake, they call it chicken cholera.

Probably because the chickens are col-  
 lared!

Mrs. Geo. H. Kempf now pulls the  
 ribbons over a fine driver, and rides in

a nice carriage, the gift of her father-  
 in-law, C. H. Kempf.

The state fair opens at Lansing next  
 week, but it can hardly be a success,

as most people interested in fairs, visited  
 the Detroit Exposition.

F. H. Spaulding & Co., will, on  
 Wednesday next, have a large number

of horses here which they will sell at  
 auction. Come without fail.

Charles Depew has again been pro-  
 moted, and is now second clerk on his

postal car, in which five men are em-  
 ployed. The promotion means an in-

crease in salary.

The post-office fight (at least an im-  
 portant part of it) has been settled.

Wm. Judson having been appointed  
 last week. At the present writing

Mr. Judson has not decided where to  
 place the office, but it will probably

be in the Kempf store.

The exposition of Detroit was a big  
 thing and well merited the success it

had. The only bad feature was the  
 check room, which was the most un-

desirable thing (for its patrons) we ever  
 saw anywhere. Why will the manage-

ment allow such work?

The Michigan Mutual Benefit Asso-  
 ciation, of Hillsdale, has paid in death

losses up to date, \$329,431.10. How  
 many widows and orphans that has

made, not only happy, but indepen-  
 dent. If there is any time a woman

wants help, it is just after her husband's  
 death.

Prof. Foster, who has so success-  
 fully conducted the Fowlerville schools

for eight or nine years, left this week  
 for that village, where on Monday

next he will open another year's school.  
 This is not only a credit to Prof. Fos-

ter, but a great benefit to the schools  
 at that place.

The Detroit Journal, which com-  
 menced its eighth year last Monday,

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Mamie Jose, of Jackson, is the  
 guest of Mrs. John Stiegelmaier.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford went to  
 Ypsilanti, yesterday, to visit friends a

short time.

Mrs. Dr. Shaw and daughter, Miss  
 Marie, returned to their home in Yp-

silanti, Monday.

Mr. Angevine, of Albion, visited  
 his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Kempf, the

first of the week.

Miss Hattie Purchase, of Ann Ar-  
 bor, spent the first of the week with

relatives in town.

Miss Alma Guthrie, of Fulton, is  
 attending school at this place, making

her home with Mrs. Depew.

Mrs. McClure and daughter Cassie,  
 of Lansing, were the guests of Mr. and

Mrs. Aaron Burkhardt last week.

Miss Olive Conklin went to Auburn,  
 N. Y., Wednesday, where she will

spend a few weeks with relatives.

Mrs. Alice Whitaker, who has been  
 at Big Rapids for some time, teaching

painting in several branches, has re-  
 turned to this place.

Dr. Graham went to Grass Lake,  
 Wednesday and established a dentist

office. He will visit that village ev-  
 ery Wednesday hereafter.

Ed. Chandler left the east for this  
 place Wednesday night. He will oc-

cupy the Stellan house on Summit  
 street, after October first.

Wm. Depew, for four years prosecu-  
 ting attorney of Alcona county, now

of Alpena, was in the village a few  
 days of this week. His shadow has

not materially decreased, while his  
 popularity is daily increasing.

Tuesday, Hon. E. P. Allen was unan-  
 imously nominated for Congressman

from this district, and his re-election  
 will be a matter of course. Mr. Allen

has made a painstaking official, and  
 were he a democrat, we would like to

see him returned just the same. Good  
 men should be kept there just as long

as they do their duty—and no longer.

The C. L. S. C. of Chelsea will  
 meet to make arrangements for taking

up the readings of the ensuing year at  
 the residence of Mr. Geo. P. Glazier on

Monday evening, September 8, at 7:30  
 o'clock. All proposing to take the

MEN YOU HEAR OF.

Ex-Governor Curtin makes it a rule to  
 never travel on any other day but Sunday

if it can be avoided.

Gen. Crook, shortly before his death,  
 had consented to prepare a volume of

between 600 and 700 pages on "Indians I  
 Have Met."

Congressman Royburn, of Philadel-  
 phia, has bought an island off the coast

of South Carolina which he intends to  
 stock with game.

Archibald Little, author of "Through  
 the Yang-tse Gorges," is a leading au-

thority upon western China, especially  
 in its commercial relations with Europe

and America.

The profits from the sale of Cardinal  
 Gibbons' book, "Our Christian Herit-

age," will go toward defraying the ex-  
 penses of the improvements on the Balti-

more cathedral.

Young Mr. Thurman, son of Alle.  
 Thurman, is gray haired and has

one arm. He lost the other in an acci-  
 dent many years ago. He is a prominent

attorney at Columbus, O.

Gen. Gordon is a man of fine physique,  
 who looks "overly much a soldier." He

has a strong face, to which a scar just  
 below the left eye—a souvenir of Anti-

tam—adds impressiveness.

The Duke of Comnaught of today is  
 described as standing gravely erect, a

soldier every inch of him, and all the  
 handsomer for the brown with which

Indian sunshine has tanned his keen face.

Maj. Gen. Snowden, whom Governor  
 Beaver has selected to command the

Pennsylvania National Guard, is 49  
 years old. He is a veteran of the war,

having seen service with the Army of  
 the Potomac, and later with the Army

of the Tennessee.

Dr. Junker, who learned in Central  
 Africa to live on ants and various other

delicacies of the savages, says that if  
 white explorers would accustom them-

selves to native food they would keep in  
 better health, and would not mind when

their European resources were exhausted.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the fa-  
 mous gun, lives in a handsome house on

Charter Oak hill, Hartford, Conn., built  
 near the spot where the historic charter

oak tree stood. The doctor goes every  
 morning, pleasant and stormy, to his

Markets by Telegraph.

DETROIT, Sept. 5, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@14c  
 for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 17c per doz  
 for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 75c  
 per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 15 cars at  
 98c, 1 car at 97c; Sep. 15,000 at 98c.

No. 1 white 3 car at 95c.  
 CORN.—No. 2 spot, 47c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 37c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 75@85c 100  
 EGGS.—15c doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7  
 OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 50c.  
 BUTTER.—Weak at 8@12c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 90c  
 for red and 88c for No. 1 white.

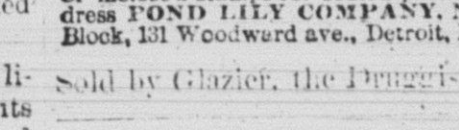
CORN.—Quiet at 34c 7 bu.

Dr. Kels's Kidney Cure.

A new and powerful remedy for the true  
 theory of the disease, and all advanced  
 physical ailments, the cause of many  
 prevalent diseases, the cure removes  
 this cause, and thus all diseases  
 incident to it, such as, Catarrh, Stag-

gers, Hemorrhoids, Gravel, Gleet, Stomach  
 and Liver Disorders, etc. Applied  
 externally, it cures all urinary ailments  
 overgrown, and the cure of fistula,  
 Piles, etc. It is a powerful remedy, in-  
 ferior to all others, and is sold by Dr. Kels,  
 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo. or by  
 Wm. J. Knapp, 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.



THE LADIES' FAVORITE  
 THE LIGHT BROWN  
 NEW  
 THE FINEST WOODWORK & ATTACHMENTS  
 CHICAGO, ILL. AT LANSING, MICH.  
 1ST LOUIS MO. FOR SALE BY DALLAS TEX.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

WHAT IS COME IN  
 FOR MANY  
 MILES  
 TO  
 EYE  
 MORE

One of the BEST TELE-  
 scopes in the world. Our facilities are  
 unequalled, and to introduce our  
 superior goods we will send FREE  
 more prospectus in each locality,  
 as above. Only those who write  
 to us can make sure of the  
 chance. All you have to do is  
 return to show our goods to  
 those who call your neighbors  
 and those around you. The be-  
 ginning of this advertisement  
 shows the small end of the tele-  
 scope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size tele-  
 scope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you  
 can make from \$5 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, with-  
 out experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges.  
 Address, H. HALL & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Cook's Cotton Root  
 COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and  
 Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an  
 old physician. Is successfully used  
 Monday—Safe, Linctual. Price \$1. by mail,  
 or enclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Ad-  
 dress FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher  
 Block, 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE  
 BEST  
 For BLACK STOCKINGS.  
 Made in 10 colors that neither  
 fade, wash out, nor fade.

Sold by Druggists. Also  
 Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors.  
 Peerless Laundry Bluing.  
 Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.  
 Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.  
 Peerless Egg Dyes—6 colors.

The New  
 Store.

IMPORTANT  
 TO  
 FARMERS

We now have in stock the New Im-  
 proved Superior Drill, also the Buckeye  
 Center Gear with all the latest improve-  
 ments, with a feeder that does not  
 break or bunch the grain. Either  
 ground wheel is a driver, no matter  
 which way you turn, or how much you  
 zig-zag, there is a constant stream of  
 grain whenever ground wheel is run-  
 ning. Above drills will be sold at low-  
 est prices and fully guaranteed at the  
 New Store.

W. J. KNAPP.



# QUATREAINS.

BY NINETEEN M. LOWATER.

Like him who once sought for the fountain of youth,  
We spend our lives seeking the waters of bliss;  
But we find by the aid of the touchstone of truth  
That they lie at the bottom of Duty's abyss.

Full many a Cleopatra lives to-day,  
Dowered with as powerful potent spells as she  
Who lived and loved long centuries ago,  
But there is now, alas! no Antony!

## BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,  
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

### CHAPTER I. LOVE AND PERIL.



IRE! Fire!"

In startled, terrified tones, the ominous words rang out.

"Fire! Fire!"

Scores, hundreds, of voices caught up and repeated the dreadful warning, until the vast dome of the great Exposition building at Chicago echoed them back, as if in scornful mockery.

A police officer, whose watchful eye had detected a slight blaze in one of the magnificent booths, caused by a spark from the electric lamp, had raised the first cry.

Its repetition was the work of the throng of visitors, which, notwithstanding the circumstance that the evening was far advanced, still lingered in the enticing place.

The incipient blaze, fed by laces from far-famed Valenciennes and rich Gobelin tapestries, became almost instantly a mass of seething flame.

With fearful rapidity the fire-flend extended his domain, his voracious appetite increasing as his huge red mouth licked up costly fabrics and destroyed elegant fittings, until, to the practiced eyes of cool-headed men who had witnessed the great conflagration which had one time destroyed the Garden City, the enormous structure in which the last of a long series of annual exhibits was being held, appeared doomed to speedy and complete destruction.

Confusion reigned supreme; children screamed, women fainted, and men ran wildly about, seeking an egress, and breaking windows to facilitate their escape from a seeming frightful doom.

But high above the panic, flame and smoke, above the arched roof, above all save the clear vaulted heavens, stood three persons who seemed in imminent danger of meeting an awful death.

By means of the elevator that pierced the roof of the monster building they had gained a high position, from which vantage ground the beautiful lake, gleaming beneath the beams of the full effulgent harvest-moon, like a mass of molten silver stretched out before their eyes.

"We are lost, father," and a young lady, in whose form and face nature seemed to have blended in rich profusion her rarest charms, as she clung convulsively to the arm of a gray-haired, rather feeble-looking old man.

"Lost! No! no! Berenice!" shouted he. "The elevator—"

"Is deserted! The flames surround the shaft. We are left to die here alone."

The old man looked downward and gave utterance to a cry of despair as the glance verified the words of his daughter.

"This way!" shouted he a moment later, and dashed over the railing towards a flight of stairs which descended from the tower to the roof proper.

There the old man paused that his daughter might precede him.

When well-nigh down, her dress caught upon a projecting corner, and, with a cry of terror, she fell forward.

With a spasm of horror which rendered him incapable alike of speech or motion, the old man saw his daughter sliding down the arched metal roof of the building.

Her infancy, prattling childhood, youth, and budding womanhood passed like a lightning-painted panorama before his eyes, and he clotted them to shut out the seemingly inevitable fate of her he loved next to idolatry.

At that instant a form rushed past him. It was that of a young man who, like his daughter and himself, had been gazing upon the beauties of the moonlit lake.

"Save her!" pleaded the fond old father, hope restoring his power of speech.

Without a word, a look, the young man projected himself forward and downward toward the place where Berenice was clinging to a small ornamental cupola.

She saw him, and with renewed courage tightened her grasp.

But her fingers twitched convulsively, and her face, white as the moonlight in which it was bathed, told plainer than words that her strength was almost gone.

The old man uttered a groan of agony, for to his excited mind her heroic would-be rescuer could but join her in a frightful death upon the pavement, far beneath.

With rapidly accelerating speed the youth sped downward.

With a dexterity which bespoke both agility of muscle and coolness of brain, he caught the small cupola and came to a stop.

At the same instant the slender jeweled hand relaxed, and the form of the now unconscious girl began moving onward toward certain death.

But fair Berenice St. Cyr had in store a fate other than destruction; clouds, darkness, and tears were soon to gather like the mockery of an anvil around her sunshiny head, yet death was not to be her portion.

The young man noted her deadly peril, and seized her wrist. Then, with an almost superhuman effort, in which every nerve and muscle played its part, he drew

her upward to a point of temporary safety.

In the meantime, the fire engine and hook-and-ladder company, which are housed at the north end of the long building, had arrived and made short work of the fire, but not until the devouring element had wrought damage to the extent of scores of thousands of dollars.

Shouts from the throng, which in the briefest possible time had grown to thousands, now attracted the attention of the gallant firemen to the imperiled twin above. Ladders, to whose length there seemed no limit, rose as if through the power of magic, and a rescuing party soon reached the roof.

But not even to the powerful arms of the skilled and intrepid "fire ladders" did the young man consign his precious burden. Instead, he bore her away himself, and amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the vast crowd which filled Michigan avenue, carried her safely down the tall ladder.

"God bless you!" cried Mr. St. Cyr, in fervent tones, as he joined our hero a moment later. "You have saved my child, my all. This way, John."

In response to the direction, a handsome carriage was driven through the curious, pressing people, to the curbstone.

"Lift her in, please," continued the old gentleman, as he swung open the door.

The other complied, and a moment later, clear of the crowd, the trio so strangely united in one party, were being whirled rapidly away to the southward.

Before an elegant mansion on Calumet avenue the vehicle came to a stop.

But little had been said during the short drive. Fully restored to consciousness, but nervous from her recent shock and peril, Berenice had lain in the arms of her trembling but joyous parent.

"Come," said the latter, as he led the way toward the broad threshold.

"Please excuse me," returned the young man, lifting his hat. "The lady is happily restored, I can do—"

"Nothing!" interrupted Mr. St. Cyr; "but you can give us an opportunity to express our thanks for the inestimable service you have rendered us. Come!"

On the point of repeating his declaration, our hero turned his eyes upon the fair girl whose life he had so recently saved at the peril of his own.

A strange thrill pervaded his frame as his glance rested upon her face, half shy, pleading, but wholly beautiful, and fascinating beyond all he had been fated to look upon.

A momentary glance into the dark tube of a camera obscura, and one's features, to the smallest detail, are fixed for all time.

The convex glasses of the photographer are not truer or clearer than the thoughts and purposes of a right-minded young man, and the delicate chemical plate no more sensitive to impressions than is the sympathetic, grateful heart of a girl.

What marvel, then, that one exchange of glances gave a new direction to the impulses of both?

The young man bowed, and followed his fair though silent persuader up the marble steps.

### CHAPTER II. AN AWFUL AWAKENING.

"This is our home," said Mr. St. Cyr, as with a hospitable wave of the hand he ushered his guest into the drawing-room.

And such a home! The young man had expected to see elegance, but the richness of the scene quite astonished him, and bespoke a wealth with which he had never before been brought in contact.

"Let us go to the library, father," suggested Berenice. "It's far cooler there."

Straws are said to show from which direction the wind is blowing, and the alacrity with which the father acquiesced was sufficient to convince the young man that the daughter was the ruler of the mansion.

Assuming the office of guide, the beautiful girl led the way through a number of large apartments luxuriantly furnished, and glowing with the richest hues of art, to the apartment she had suggested.

It was indeed a cozy place. Two sides of the room were covered with books, and on the third an open fire burned brightly.

"This is father's den," announced Berenice, as she pointed to a revolving desk and a steel safe, which stood beside it. "I can't make him give up business."

"Now, daughter," said the old gentleman reproachfully.

"At least not quite," corrected she. "You shall decide the matter, Mr. St. Cyr."

"Winters," spoke up the young man as the other paused; "Cole Winters. I should have mentioned my name before."

"No, you shouldn't," declared pretty Berenice. "The fault was ours—we never gave you a chance."

"It's not yet too late to be polite," said the host, smiling. "Be seated, please, and favor us with a more complete introduction, Mr. Winters."

"I can add but little to what I have said," remarked the young man, as he accepted the proffered easy-chair. "My life has been uneventful. I have nothing besides my name."

"A name—that is, a good name—is a fortune in itself," said the old man, encouragingly.

"I was born in Central Illinois, and am just twenty-two," Cole went on. "My parents both died when I was quite young, leaving me some little property as an inheritance. All of this was expended on my education. About three months ago I completed my college course, and came to Chicago to seek an opening in life."

"And have been successful?" queried Mr. St. Cyr.

"On the contrary, I have failed at every turn. I had contemplated following the law, and sought a place in the office of an attorney. This I could have readily secured, but no one would pay me any salary with which to support myself. Then I sought a mercantile position, but was unable to secure one, as I had had no experience as a clerk. After this I aspired to no particular line, but sought any kind of honorable employment."

"And failed at all points?" queried Mr. St. Cyr.

"Something worse. A private banker hired me for a year. I grew suspicious of him and his methods, and discovering him to be engaged in a dishonorable business, quitted him after working a month, for which I received no compensation."

"And besides losing your salary you have made an enemy?"

"Exactly."

"What is his name?"

"Max Morris."

"Hal!" ejaculated Mr. St. Cyr. "The

friend and former partner of Almon Sears!"

"The same. I've often seen Mr. Sears in his private office."

"This Almon Sears is the son of an old and valued friend, who died years ago, leaving him penniless. I loved him for his father, gave him every educational advantage, started him in business, and, had he proved in all respects worthy, I had even designed—"

The speaker paused as he caught a glimpse of his daughter's pale face.

"He contemplated marrying him to his daughter," was Cole's mental comment.

"Enough of him!" said the old man, with a slight show of petulance. "Pardon the interruption."

"I have no more to tell. My stock of money being exhausted, I supported myself by doing copying at a beggarly price. To-night I visited the Exposition, in the hope of securing a place. Falling in that, I ascended to the observatory, where I had the good fortune to be of some small service."

"A service which nothing can repay!" cried the old man with a fond look at his rescued child. "I like you, Mr. Winters—like your honest face and the integrity of your heart and mind, as revealed in your frank, open story."

"You flatter me, sir," faltered Cole, his embarrassment heightened by the look of pleasure beaming on Berenice's admiring face.

"Not a particle. You have told your story; let me reciprocate in kind. For half my life I have been an active business man of Chicago. This is my daughter's eighteenth birthday. Some time ago I promised her that when this day came I would abandon all business and devote the remaining years of my widowed life to her, my only child."

"This I have only been able to accomplish in part. I have withdrawn from two firms in which I was interested, and the proceeds, \$300,000 in bonds, are now in that safe."

The enormous sum mentioned, together with its unexpected proximity to him, caused Cole Winters a sudden start of surprise.

In this action he was not alone. The curious glance he cast at the cube of polished steel, which held secure behind its bolts and bars and massive locks more than a king's ransom, was duplicated by a pair of dark sinister eyes which gleamed at the lower part of one of the windows behind the backs of the interested trio.

"I have fully twice as much more safely invested in good paying real estate," Mr. St. Cyr went on. "These bonds draw only a very low rate of interest, and I am desirous of changing them to houses and other rentable property. This, my contract with my daughter, prevents me from attending to in person."

"I'm glad you remember your obligations, father," smiled Berenice.

"In a week we are to leave for New York, from where we will soon sail for a tour of Europe. I have as yet no agent to reinvest my money and care for my property during my absence. You seek employment. I will pay you \$3,000 a year. Is it a bargain?"

"My dear sir—what can I say? I have had no experience—"

"Experience an honest man can easily acquire, while experienced men seldom turn honest. You are bright, energetic, sincere. Is it a bargain?"

Besides the father and daughter, the person at the window awaited the response.

"If you think me competent, sir, I will not otherwise disappoint you."

"Enough!" cried Mr. St. Cyr, extending his hand. "We will settle the details to-morrow. In the meantime accept and promise to wear this as a memento of this day. It belonged to my only son, long since deceased."

The speaker removed and handed over here a curiously wrought old-fashioned ring, richly set with diamonds and rubies.

"What is it, sir?" asked a servant who had entered the apartment in response to an electrical bell which his master had touched.

"Some refreshments, John. Serve them here, and as quickly as possible."

The man looked curiously at the ring which Cole was in the act of placing upon his finger, and withdrew.

Half an hour later the little company separated for the night.

"Master must think a power of that young man to give him that ring," mused John, as he went sleepily down the stairs after having shown Cole Winters to the most sumptuous guest-chamber in the whole mansion.

It was long before sleep visited the eyelids of our heroine, whose happy, innocent heart kept beating time to a new and glorious measure—first love.

Wien, at last, slumbered fast her outer senses, the new-born sentiment controlled her half-formed thoughts, and dreams of Cole Winters floated through her brain.

Again she heard the startling cry of fire, and with fast failing strength saw our hero—her hero, as well—risking his life to save her.

"Help! Help! Murder!"

From a vision at once awful and fascinating, she was awakened by these dreadful words.

They proceeded, as she thought, from the library, where she had so recently spent one of the pleasantest hours of her brief life.

In an instant, almost, she was there. Day had broken, and objects were distinctly visible.

The outcry had emanated from the servant, John Kedzie, who stood in the doorway, a look of horror depicted on his face.

Rushing past him, Berenice saw chairs overturned, the safe open, and papers scattered about.

"Burglary!" she gasped.

"Worse!" said John Kedzie, in a hoarse whisper.

She followed with her eyes the direction indicated by his trembling finger, and saw a sight that fairly froze her young blood, and deprived her of the use of her faculties.

Before her upon the floor, a frightful wound in his throat, lay the lifeless body of her beloved father, Paul St. Cyr.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Personally Interested.

Stranger—How is the old gentleman down the road who was sick last week?

Farmer—Why do you care how he is when you do not know him and have never seen him?

Stranger—I am in the tombstone business.

### OLD CAMP MEETING.

Trials of the Methodist Preacher Ninety Years Ago.

It is difficult for the present generation of Methodist preachers to appreciate the toils of their predecessors in the West and South during the early years of the century. The labor of "riding a circuit" was incredibly great. Roads were mere bridle paths through the wilderness; there were no bridges; streams narrow and shallow were forded; when deep and wide the rider tied his clothes in a bundle on his head and forced his horse to swim. Often there was not even the semblance of a road, and the preacher found his way by the compass, or, if he had none, by the course of the sun by day and by the stars by night. If he lost his course, there was nothing for him to do but camp out all night. If he had the means he built a fire to scare away the wolves, bears, and even the more dreaded panthers. If the wild beasts were not numerous, he slept, but if he saw half a dozen pairs of glowing eyes in the circle of darkness round his fire, he stayed awake, piled on more wood, and now and then shouted and cast flaming brands at the "varmints" that came too close. Nor were the discomforts of travel his only annoyances. After a day's severe riding, he would reach, long after nightfall, a settlement where Methodists were in plenty. Tired almost to death, he enters the log cabin of a good brother and would give all his worldly possessions for a chance to lay his head on his saddle and go to sleep at once. But not so. The preacher must be entertained. The old woman and the girls begin culinary operations. An hour passes away relieved by the old man's inquiries about brother so-and-so and finally the preacher sits down to a supper of corn bread, burned on the outside, dough in the middle, fried chicken swimming in fat, and rye coffee sweetened with maple sugar. But he did not always suffer from too much hospitality. As a rule the people gave him the best they had and insisted on his taking it, but occasionally the Methodist preachers fell in with religionists of a different faith who had no use for him or his doctrines, and there his reception was anything but cordial. Disputes sprang up and bad blood was engendered.

The camp meeting originated in this country in the year 1800 and was the natural outgrowth of the circumstances of the time. Methodist "circuit riders" preached wherever they could, in houses or in the open air. On one occasion, during the above cited year, a house in Kentucky proved too small for the accommodation of the people and an adjournment was taken to a grove outside. For several days the meeting went satisfactorily on until it commenced to rain. A large shed was then erected and covered with branches of trees, where the people continued their religious exercises. This was the first camp meeting. The idea soon spread and became adopted everywhere. The temporary shed became a fixture; regular times for the meetings were fixed, generally after harvest, and people came in thousands to the camp ground, often from a distance of many hundred miles.

The old-time Methodist preachers were not afraid to use their fists when circumstances seemed to justify such action, and evidently believed in "fighting the devil with fire." Among the early preachers of Virginia was a famous character known as "Uncle Billy Cravens." He was a man of rude, native eloquence, and of powerful frame and with an arm and fist like a prize-fighter. Constantly seeking new fields of operation, he one day strayed into a neighborhood which, for a generation, had been ruled by a blacksmith who was a pronounced follower of Paine.

The smith did not hear of the preacher's coming until he had preached and gone, but straightway announced that if Cravens returned there would be some fun for the people.

A few days later the preacher came along the road past the shop, singing lustily, as was his custom. When the smith emerged, seized the rein of Cravens' horse, and demanded: "Is your name Cravens?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Are you a Methodist preacher?"

"They call me so." "Then you must either give up preaching and own your religion is a lie or fight me on the spot."

"I believe," said Uncle Billy, "I would rather fight you for my religion is certainly true, and I have an appointment to preach to-day, and can't possibly miss it." Accordingly he dismounted, took off his coat, and the combat began, but was of short duration, for one blow of his powerful fist laid the smith almost senseless on the earth. The preacher mounted the prostrate form and proceeded to pound the smith's head, keeping time with his blows, while he fervently sang a hymn at the highest pitch of his stentorian voice.

A very short course of this discipline impelled the smith to roar for mercy. After exacting a promise that he would attend church and hear him preach, Uncle Billy released him. The smith kept his promise, and in less than a year was a class-leader in one of Uncle Billy's charges.

### A Very Fortunate Lord.

Lord Northampton is a vastly fortunate personage. In 1879 his eldest son, the late Lord Compton, borrowed £10,000 from the National Life Assurance Society on the security of his reversionary interest in the entailed estate, but if he died before his father (as happened,) of course the security was worthless. The Society proceeded to insure Lord Compton's life for £34,000, the understanding being that it was to pay the premiums and add them to the amount of the loan, and the policy was to be transferred to him if ever he paid the debt. He died three years ago, at which time his debt to the Society had risen to £14,000. The Society, therefore, congratulated itself upon having made a profit of nearly £20,000 on the transaction; but, lo and behold, Lord Northampton, as executor of his deceased son, demanded the balance of the £34,000, and, in spite of the agreement between the Society and Lord Compton, his claim has been sustained by the Court of Appeal. The result is highly satisfactory for Lord Northampton, who gets nearly £20,000 from a fund which neither he, nor his son, nor any of his family paid a penny to create.

—London Truth.

### A Lost Kentucky Mine.

One of the most persistent, and yet one of the most elusive traditions of Kentucky is that of "Swift's Silver Mine." Half a dozen mountain counties claim to have within the borders of each the original mine, but as search has ever revealed the existence of argentiferous ore in any of them, a dozen other counties claim that a mistake may have been made, and hope the wonderful mine may be within their own limits. Every now and then some person crazed on the subject makes his appearance with a map or chart, assuming to show by actual survey the location of the long lost mine.

John Swift was in East Tennessee and Eastern Kentucky as early as 1761, accompanied by two Frenchmen, and somewhere in that region they mined, or pretended to coin, large quantities of silver money. There were no mines in the United States then, and Swift was arrested upon the suspicion of being a counterfeiter. This was in North Carolina. The coin turned out to be purer silver than that of the British mint, and he was released. Swift settled in Bell County, Kentucky, because the Indians were troublesome, and he gave a lady of that county the journal of his wanderings. His journal gave a vague account of about fifty-four thousand dollars and "crowns" which he and his companions concealed at various places in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to facilitate their journey and secure safety. Ever since that journal became public search parties have hunted for the hidden wealth as persistently as ever Eastern people hunted for the hidden treasure of Capt. Kidd, or the Southern people searched for the legendary treasure of Capt. Blackbeard.

It goes without saying that nobody has ever found any sign of the treasure. True, there are more or less plausible traditions in various localities. For instance, in Carter County ancient tools and instruments used to coin money were found at the foot of a cliff many years ago. The crumbling away of a ledge of the cliff had allowed the tools to fall from their concealment. It is claimed, also, that one of the first settlers of Carter County found near a pioneer cabin a quantity of peculiar cinders so heavy as to cause him to have them tested. The result was the extraction of sufficient silver to make several silver spoons, which, it was said, were as late as 1870 in possession of members of the family. Crucibles, furnaces, cinders, and relics of mineral smeltings, upon a small scale, have been found in several counties and attributed to a village of Swift's silver mine. In 1871 three Cherokee Indians visited Wolfe County and carried away two sacks full of some weighty substance, which the residents in the neighborhood united in believing was some of Swift's silver. The presence of the Indians was well known, their object plainly guessed, yet nobody watched them closely enough to discover the place where they procured their treasure. —Courier-Journal.

### Wrens in a Coffee-Pot.

A most peculiar bridal home, wherein to live for a season, and train up children, is that described by a correspondent of Forest and Stream. One day two wrens entered his Texan cottage and began exploring it, evidently intending to build a nest there. They peeped into every corner and finally went away, with the air of would-be tenants who say "they will look elsewhere," but in half an hour they returned, and the inmates of the cottage, wishing to furnish them with a residence all their own, hung an old coffee-pot on a tree near the door, tying it securely that the wind might not shake it. The wrens presently discovered it, entered it, and were apparently delighted. It was evidently just the sort of house for which they had been looking.

The next day its furnishing was quite finished. They had lined it with bits of feathers, shreds of wool, and downy vegetable growths, and it was soft as velvet. Then one egg appeared, and then another, and the little dame began setting, while her husband, perched on a branch above the coffee-pot, poured forth song after song, flying away at intervals to bring her a bit of worm.

When the little ones came, both father and mother began to feed them. They usually started from the nest together, but seldom returned at the same time. If the little man came first he soon grew impatient, and after delivering his offering would begin calling her loudly and musically. Evidently her name was "Fitty-tee," for he cried, "Fitty-tee! ah, Fitty-tee!" repeating the note until she arrived. Like the hero of "Never too late to mend," he could not bear to enter his lonely dwelling until after his wife appeared.

To believe that there is no place like home is a wholesome partiality; but to laugh another man's home to scorn because it is not a fac-simile of one's own is illiberal and unmanly.



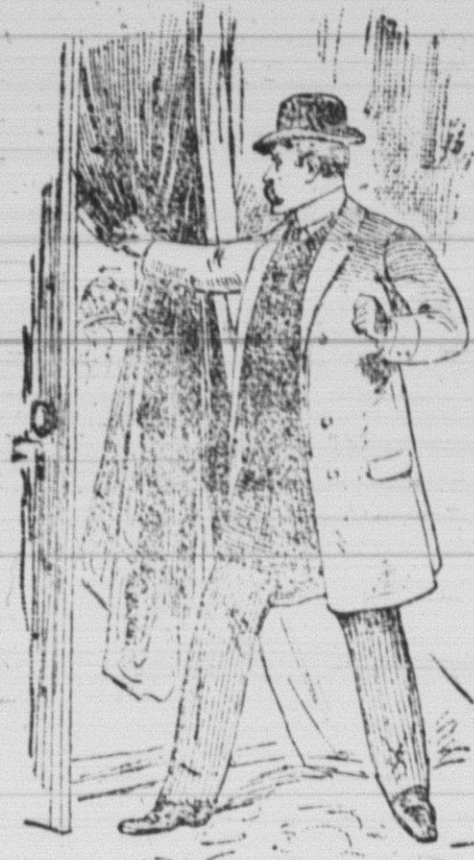




CHelsea STANDARD.  
BY  
WM. EMMERT.  
OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1890.

CHAPTER XI.



In an instant he thrust aside the second portiere.

For some reason or other the scout which Lane's company had been ordered to hold itself in readiness to make was postponed, no further orders coming from department headquarters which required sending my troops into the mountains west of Fort Graham. The captain, far from being disappointed, seemed strangely relieved that he was not required to take his troop into the field at that particular moment. "Something had happened," said Mrs. Breese, who was a keen observer, "to change the spirit of his dream within the last few days." His face lacked the radiant and joyous look that it had had ever since he came back from the east. "Is he getting an inkling of the stories that are in circulation?" was the natural inquiry. "Is he beginning to learn that edginess were before him in that fair charmer's regard?" Still, no one could question him. There was something about him, with all his frankness and kindness, that held people aloof from anything like confidence.

He never had a confidant of either sex, and this was something that rendered him one time somewhat unpopular among women. Younger officers almost always, as a rule, had chosen someone of their own kind as a confidant, a reality of their careers and anxieties, their fears, but Lane had never indulged in any such luxury, and all the better for him was it. Now it was noticed what eagerness and anxiety he manifested for the coming of the mail. It was also observed that during the two weeks that followed only four letters were received in her, at this time well known superscription. Lane, of course, reading the contents, could readily account for the scarcity. Her letters were full of descriptions of dances and parties and riding parties to the neighboring mountains. They had met scores of pleasant people, and had become acquainted with a large circle from all parts of the country.

They danced every evening regularly in the hall, and were so thoroughly acquainted and so accustomed to one another's moods and fancies that hardly an hour passed in which they were not occupied in some pleasant recreation. Lawn tennis had always been a favorite game of hers, and her mother was glad, she said, to see her picking it up again with such alacrity; the open air was doing her good; her color was returning, the languor and weakness which had oppressed her when she first arrived after the long hot spell at home had disappeared entirely. But with returning health came all the longing for outdoor, active occupation, and instead of having, as she had planned, hours in which to write to him, almost all her time now was taken up in joyous sports, in horseback rides, in long drives over the mountain roads and through the beautiful scenery by which they were surrounded. "And so," she said, "I feel, dear, in regarding health and color I fear your Mabel has very sadly neglected you."

His reply to her letter telling him of Mr. Noel's unexpected appearance at the Park was rather a difficult one for him to write. It was dawning upon him that the attentions of his regimental comrade to his fiancée were not as entirely platonic as they might be. Desire to show all courtesy and kindness to the lady love of another officer was all very well in its way, but it did not necessitate daily calls when at home, and far less did it warrant his leaving his station without permission—running the risk of a reprimand, or even possible court martial—and taking a long journey, being absent from his post all Saturday, and certainly not returning there before the afternoon of Monday. If this were known at the headquarters of the recruiting service, Lieut. Noel would in all probability be rapped severely over the knuckles. If nothing worse, Lane could not and would not for an instant blame his fiancée but he gently pointed out to her that Mr. Noel ran great risks in making such a journey, and that it would be well on that account to discourage similar expeditions in the future. To this she made no direct reply, but that she observed his caution is quite possible.

At all events no further mention of visits on the part of Mr. Noel appeared in any of the letters which reached him before the orders for the scout actually did arrive, but that was not until near the very end of the month. It was just about the 28th of August when rumors came of turbulence and threatened outbreak among the Indians at the Chiricahua reservation. Troops were already marching thither from the stations in Arizona, and Capt. Lane was ordered to cross the range and scout on the east side of the reservation in order to

tempted to "make a break." Just one day before the start he was surprised at receiving a letter from Mrs. Vincent. She spoke gladly of Mabel's improved health and appearance; she spoke hopefully of Mr. Vincent, whose letters, she said, were more cheerful than they had been, and who had been able to come up and spend two Sundays with them. Mabel had doubtless told him of Mr. Noel's visit, and how glad they were just then to see any face so pleasant and familiar. And now she wished to remind him of their contract before his leaving for the frontier. He doubtless remembered that she had promised that in the near future she would give him the reasons why it seemed best to her that the engagement should not be announced. It would take a pretty long letter to tell all the reasons why, so she would not venture upon that at the moment; but the necessity no longer existed, and if he so desired she would gladly have it made known to his relatives, as she would now proceed to announce it to Mabel's.

Lane was greatly rejoiced at this. He had been a trifle uneasy and despondent of late, scarcely knew why. Her letters were not all he had hoped they would be by this time, but then he did not know but that it was natural and right, he had never had any letters before—had never seen them—and his ideas of what a woman's letters to her betrothed should be were somewhat vague and undefined. However, there was no one in the garrison to whom he specially cared to formally announce his engagement. People had ceased of late making remarks or inquiries, as nothing had been successful in extracting information from him in the past. Giving directions that his mail should be forwarded once a week or twice a week if possible, to the railway station nearest the Chiricahua mountains, where he could get it by sending couriers once in a while, provided there was no danger in doing so, Lane marched away one evening on what proved to be an absence of an entire month. He never again saw Fort Graham until the end of September, and then only long enough to enable him to change from his scouting rig into traveling costume, to throw a few clothes into a trunk and to drive to the railway station as fast as the ambulance could carry him in order to catch the first express train going east.

Nothing of very great importance had occurred on the scout. A few renegades managed to escape eastward from the reservation and to take to the mountains, through which Lane's command was then scouting; and to him and to his troop was entrusted the duty of capturing and bringing them back to the reservation. This took him many a long mile south of the railway. It was three weeks and more before he made his way to the reservation with his prisoners. There he found a small package of letters, which had been forwarded direct from Graham, where they evidently knew that he would go into the agency before reaching the railway, where his other letters were probably awaiting him. Among those which he received was one from Mr. Vincent. Briefly it said to him, "If a possible thing, come to us as soon as you can obtain leave of absence. There are matters which excite my greatest apprehension, and I feel that I must see you. My health, I regret to say, is failing me rapidly. Come, if you can."

Another was from Mrs. Vincent. She spoke with great anxiety of Mr. Vincent's waning health; said very little of Mabel, nothing whatever of Mr. Noel. She told him that the engagement had been formally announced to all their relatives, and that letters of congratulation had been showered on Mabel from all sides, although there was some little surprise expressed that she should marry an Army officer. "She herself has not been well at all, and I really believe that a visit from you would do much to restore her health and spirits. She has been unlike herself ever since we came back from the mountains."

In this same package of letters were two from Mabel. These he read with infinite yearning in his heart, and they only served to increase the wordless anxiety and the intolerable sense of something lacking, which he had first felt after the letter that announced Gordon Noel's visit to Deer Park. One more letter there was. This he opened, saw that it was typewritten and had no signature, indignantly tore it into fragments and tossed them to the wind.

The commanding general of the department—an old and kind friend of Lane's—was then looking over affairs for himself at the reservation. Lane obtained a few moments' conversation with him, briefly stated his needs, and showed him Mr. Vincent's letter. The instant the general saw the signature he looked up, startled, and then arose from his seat, put his hand on the captain's shoulder and drew him to one side.

"My dear boy," he said, "there is later news than this. It is dated Sept. 14, you see. Have you heard nothing more?"

"Nothing, general. What has happened?" answered Lane, his voice trembling and his bronzed face rapidly paling. Am I—am I too late?"

"I fear so, Lane. Had Mr. Vincent a partner named Clark?"

"Yes, sir; his junior partner."

"Clark defaulted, embezzled, hypothesized securities and heaven knows what all, blew out his brains in his private office, and Mr. Vincent stumbled over the body an hour afterwards, was prostrated by the shock and died of heart failure three days later. The papers were full of the tragedy for nearly a week; but there are none to be had here, I'm afraid. Now you will want to start at once. Never mind your troop. Just tell your lieutenant to report here to Capt. Bright for orders, and I'll have them sent back to Graham by easy marches."

Late at night Lane reached the railway, only to find his train five hours behind. He telegraphed to Mabel that he would come to her as fast as train could bring him—that the sad news had only just reached him. He strode for hours up and down the little platform under the glittering stars, yearning to reach her, to comfort and console her in this bitter sorrow.

Time and again he turned over in mind the few particulars which he had obtained from the department commander. They were all too brief, but pointed conclusively to one fact—that Clark had been encouraged by the success of June to plunge still more deeply, in the hope of retrieving the losses of the past two years. Luckily for Vincent, he had used his June winnings in lifting the mortgage from his homestead and in taking up any of his outstanding

paper, and so forth, but Lane wondered if his confident partner; but Lane wondered if the kindly old man had any idea that up to the end of August, at least, Clark had not sent to him, as directed, "the draft for the entire amount" to which referred the first letter Mr. Vincent had ever written to him.

It was daybreak when the train came. It was noon when he sprang from the cars at Graham station and into the ambulance sent to meet him in response to his telegraphic request. Were there any letters? he eagerly asked. None now. A small package had been forwarded to the reservation last night, and must have passed him on the way. Others had been waiting for him at the mountain station until he was reported by wire as arriving with his piece of news at the agency. Everything then had been sent thither, and there would be no getting them before starting. At Graham the telegraph operator showed him the duplicates of the telegrams that had come for him in his absence—only two. One announced Mr. Clark's suicide and Vincent's prostration and danger; the other, two days later, briefly read, "Mr. Vincent died this morning. Mrs. Vincent and Mabel fairly well."

Both were signed "Gordon Noel," and a jealous pang shot through the poor fellow's heart as he realized that in all their bereavement and grief it was Noel's privilege to be with them and to be of use to them, while he, her affianced husband, was far beyond hail. He was ashamed of his own thoughts an instant after, and bitterly upbraided himself that he was not thankful that they could have had so attentive and thoughtful an aid as Noel well knew how to be. Yet—why was not Reginald sufficient?

He had torn into fragments the anonymous sheet that had met him at the reservation, and yet its words were gnawing at his heartstrings now, and he could not crush them down.

"Why was your engagement denied? Because she still cared for Will Rossiter and hoped he might come back to her after all."

"Why did Gordon Noel stay at the other hotel the second and third times he spent Sunday at Deer Park? Because she wished to hide from her mother, as she did from you, that he came at all."

"Why does she meet him on the street instead of at home? Because her father interposed in your behalf; but all the same you were being betrayed."

These words, or others exactly of their import, were what met his startled eyes at Chiricahua, but the instant he noted that these carefully type-written sentences were followed by no signature at all—not even the oft abused "A Friend"—indignation and wrath followed close on the heels of his amazement, and in utter contempt he had destroyed the cowardly sheet; but he could not so easily conquer the poison thus injected in his veins. All the long, long journey to the east they haunted him, dancing before his eyes, sleeping or waking, and it was with haggard face and worried frame that he reached the Queen City, and, taking a cab, drove at once to her home.

It was a lovely evening in early October. The sun had been shining brilliantly all day long, and almost everywhere doors and windows were open to woo the cool air now gently stirring. The cab stopped before the well remembered steps, and Lane hastened to the broad doorway. No need to ring; the portals stood invitingly open. The gas burned brightly in the hall and in the sitting room to the left. He entered unhesitatingly, and stood all alone in the room where he had spent so many happy hours listening to the music of her voice, watching the play and animation in her lovely face. He caught a glimpse of his own gaunt, haggard, hollow-eyed, in the mirror over the old-fashioned mantel. What was he that he should have won a creature so radiant, so exquisite?

There was a heavy portiere that shut off the little passage to the library. His foot fell maddened in the deep, rich carpeting. It was there she welcomed him that wonderful Friday afternoon—that day that was the turning point, the climax of his life. Hark! was that her voice, low, sweet, tremulous, in there now? Hush! Was that a sob—a woman's suppressed weeping? Quickly he stepped forward, and in an instant had thrust aside the second portiere; but he halted short at the threshold, petrified by the scene before him.

Mabel Vincent, clasped in Gordon Noel's embrace, her arms about his neck, gazing up into his face with almost worship in her weeping eyes, raised her lips to meet the passionate kiss of his. "My darling," he murmured, "what can you fear? Have you not given me the right to protect you?" And the handsome head was tossed proudly back, and for one little minute was indeed heroic. Then, with instantaneous change, every drop of blood fled from his face, leaving it ashen, death like. "Gordon!" she cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

Then, following the glance of his staring eyes, she turned and saw and swooned away.

TWO DAYS OF TORTURE.

A STOWAWAY SUFFERS FOR THIRTY HOURS IN A CRANK PIT.

He Lives to Tell a Horrible Story of a Frightful Experience—Lying Below a Shaft That Made Twenty-four Revolutions a Minute.

This poor fellow was an Englishman who had become penniless, discouraged and homesick. He made up his mind in his desperation to stow himself away and take his chances. He stole into an ocean steamship—one of the regular liners which ply between New York and Liverpool—and hunted for a hiding-place. He knew nothing about machinery, and in his ignorance he picked out the most horrible place in the whole ship. It looked quite attractive when the poor fellow picked it out, and he thought that he was lucky to find it. It was the hole—the crank pit, I think it is called—in the floor of the engine room into which the great crank sinks twenty-four times a minute when the vessel is at full speed. While the vessel was still this crank was elevated above

the hole, and the unfortunate man, ignorant of marine engines, didn't know that in a few minutes it would descend with terrible effect upon him.

He crept in; the ship started. The crank in its first descent struck his left arm with terrible force and crushed it. He could not move, for in less than three seconds down it came again, crushing more bones and tearing more flesh. Just imagine such a fate if you can. The wretched man drew himself into the smallest compass he could and expected death. Every time the crank came down it escaped his head by about an inch and a half. He didn't know the exact distance, of course, but he knew it came very near, and he was in mortal dread that it would come nearer.

SUPERSTITIOUS SEAMEN.

Most of this that I have been telling came from the lips of the stowaway. For he lived to tell it, and is still alive. He must have fainted away after enduring this terrible agony for a while, and probably he did not again regain consciousness until the ship was twenty-eight hours beyond Sandy Hook. It was then the middle of the night, and one of the assistant engineers, who had charge of the engines on that watch, heard heart-rending groans proceed from the machinery. He was horrified, and the men employed about the engines, who are superstitious, were not only appalled but thoroughly frightened, so much so that they became demoralized and almost unable to work.

The assistant engineer went to the chief engineer and reported to him what he had heard. He was called a fool for his pains. Presently his watch was over and he was relieved. This new assistant engineer heard the groans, too, and, thoroughly alarmed, he appealed to the chief engineer, and succeeded in getting him out of his berth into the engine room. The chief heard them, too, and at once stopped the ship. The watch on deck was called down and the machinery was thoroughly examined by the light of lanterns. What demoralized the superstitious men about the engines was the impossibility, as they believed, of a human being remaining alive amid the swiftly moving, gigantic machinery, and their natural inference was that ghosts or fiends were present and the ship was doomed.

SAVED AT LAST.

By and by a lantern was lowered into the crank pit, and a bundle of rags was discovered at the bottom. On being prodded a groan proceeded from the rags. They were lifted up, and in them was a man, limp and bruised and bloody. Terror and anguish and wounds had deprived him of sense and almost of human semblance. He could not talk; he could only utter groans, which pierced the inmost hearts of the hearers, they were so pitiful. Luckily for the poor stowaway the surgeon of the ship was a humane and skillful man. He said afterward that he was bound to save that man if he could, so as to find out how he got into the pit, and was not killed at once when the engine began to move.

The surgeon attended him night and day. He was obliged to amputate the arm or it would have mortified, it was so dreadfully crushed. The other wounds and bruises he healed, so that the man was able to walk to the hospital when he got to Liverpool. There he was cured of everything except the shock to the nerves which he received. That will never be got over. Do his best, he says, the thirty hours he spent in that torture pit, with the great crank crushing into his flesh twenty-four times a minute, can never be got out of his mind. That horror is seared into his soul for the remainder of his life.—New York Star.

A Tree Growing in Mid Air.

There is to be seen a few miles from the outskirts of Richmond, Tex., a natural curiosity, the like of which is perhaps to be found nowhere else in the world. It is an enormous oak tree literally suspended in the air. It stands in the midst of a dense grove known as Bentley's wood, and is made quite a show of. The mystery of its suspension is that numerous hunting parties having camped beneath it during a period of many years their fires have gradually burned the trunk entirely away for a distance of six feet, but its large and spreading branches are so closely entwined in those of the trees growing closely about it that it is supported by them.

Just how its huge bulk is nourished is a mystery, but that it is well nourished is evident, for it is green and flourishing.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Honesty in Maine.

An Auburn business man was surprised the other day to see an old customer come into his store and pay him a bill, with interest, which was contracted forty years ago when he was doing business in another town. It was a small bill, and the one to whom it was due had forgotten all about it.—Lewiston Journal.

Where Peppermint Is Grown.

There are two places in the United States where the cultivation of the peppermint plant is one of the leading industries. The older of these places is Wayne county, N. Y.; but for thirty years the business has been a well known one in St. Joseph county, Mich.

"Hall's Big Marsh of Florence" at Three Rivers, Mich., is the largest piece of land in America devoted to the raising of this plant. The farm contains about 900 acres, of which 400 acres are put into mint each year and alternated with clover to keep up the strength of the soil.—Youth's Companion.

CURLETT'S  
Thrush, Pinworm Heave  
Remedy.

urlett's Thrush Remedy is a sure cure for Thrush and rotting away diseases of the feet of stock.

urlett's Pinworm Remedy (for man or beast) a compound that effectually removes those troublesome parasites, which are such a great source of annoyances to stock.

urlett's Heave Remedy is a sure cure for Heaves in the earlier stages, and warranted to relieve in advanced stages, if not producing a cure.

TESTIMONIALS.

Jno Stanton, of Webster, says: "I cured a very bad case of thrush with urlett's Thrush remedy; the cure was permanent."

Henry Doody, of Dexter township, says: "My horse was cured of a very bad case of thrush by using Curlett's Thrush Remedy."

has, Goodwin, of Webster township (formerly of Dexter township) Washenaw county, says: "I cured the worst case of thrush I have ever seen, with urlett's Thrush remedy, which made permanent cure."

George H. owners, of Dexter township, Washenaw co., says: "I cured my horse of thrush by the use of urlett's Thrush Remedy, which I have known others to use and it always produced a cure."

Levi R. Lee, of Webster, Washenaw co., says: "I had a very valuable horse which was afflicted with thrush five or six years and could not cure it until I used urlett's Thrush Remedy, which made a permanent cure; could not get half what the horse was worth while he was troubled with thrush."

William owners, of Dexter township, Washenaw co., says: "Thrush very nearly ate the entire frog of my horse's foot and I could not get any help for it seemingly, until I got urlett's Thrush Remedy, which after second application killed the small animal removed the lameness, curing it in a short time, leaving a good healthy growing frog which in a short time was its natural size."

H. M. Ide, the shoer of Floral Temple, Dexter, and other noted trotters, says: "Have never known urlett's Thrush Remedy to fail to produce a permanent cure of thrush; after a few applications, smell and lameness is removed."

Jim Smalley, a noted horse jockey, of central Washenaw county, says: "urlett's Heave Remedy never fails to give relief, and to all appearances cured the horses I gave it to, and they never show any sign of distress while being worked hard or driven fast."

A. T. Hughes, one of the supervisors of Washenaw county, says: "Seven years ago I cured a very bad case of thrush with urlett's Thrush Remedy; the horse has shown no symptoms of the disease since."

For sale by F. P. Glazier and R. S. Armstrong.

Goods bought at the Standard Grocery House delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Washtubs, washboards, mops, clothes lifters, clothes pins, clothes pin bags etc. just received at the Standard Grocery House.

Buy a pound of baking powder at the Standard Grocery House and get a large handsome pitcher, or a full set of glassware—a spoon holder, sugar bowl, butter dish and cream pitcher. We guarantee the quality of the powder equal to any.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd Jd DISTRICT Circuit in Chancery.

William Davidson, Frank Davidson, Sarah A. Mills, Ida O. Davidson, and Charles H. Kemp executor of the last will and testament of James Davidson, deceased, complainants.

vs.

Georgia A. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Howes, Rhoda Downer, Emily Lathrop, and Howard Mills, defendants.

Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Washenaw. In chancery. At the court house in the city of Ann Arbor on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1890. Present, P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washenaw. It is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant Rhoda Downer is not a resident of this state but resides at Mattison, Guilford county in the state of Oregon.